

ARGULARIOUS

By William H. Osborne

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Argularious knew his business all right. Every evening he went and stood in line with all the other push cart men in the little back street where the fruit cellars were, and loaded up with yellow bananas. And Argularious took good care to be among the few that got the best for the least money. Had not his mother and his father kept a little shop in Athens where one went in and bought in the dark and came out and found out he had been swindled in the light? Argularious knew how just to manipulate a bit of fruit to make it look large and sound.

In order to make peddling a success in a great city there are two classes you must consider—first, the public; next, but not least, the police. The public is always ready to buy, but the police are not always willing to let you sell. Argularious, of course, had a license. This permitted him under the law to remain stationary at the curb for the space of three minutes. Under the police it was different. Argularious noted out of the corner of his eye that a patrolman's idea of three minutes was highly elastic.

"G'wan, now!" exclaimed Officer Mulligan to Argularious just as the latter was pulling into, not away from, the curb. "G'wan, you been here long enough, you Hungarian?" Argularious, the first time this happened, started to explain—first, that he was not a Hungarian; second, that he had not been at a standstill for even three seconds.

"G'wan, now!" exclaimed Mulligan, giving him a sudden push that knocked his special three-cent fruit into the street. "None of yer lip!" Argularious cleared out. At first he couldn't understand it, but by dint of frequent inquiry he found that three minutes, from the police point of view, was chronologically a cipher unless—

Unless you gressed the officer's palm with a substantial portion of your profits. Under such circumstances three minutes might extend itself into three hours, and the law, which takes no note of trifles, would never know the difference.

But Argularious, whose remote ancestor doubtless held the pass at Thermopylae, rebelled. That which the law vouchsafed unto him—that, he reasoned with himself, he must have.

"These men!" he reasoned with himself, referring to Policeman Mulligan—"these men! I shall get even—very even, with these men!"

If he ever been a mooted question whether the policeman was made for the side door or the side door for the policeman. There were several side doors on Policeman Mulligan's beat, like as not all made for him. At any rate, he made for them with a persistence worthy of a better cause. But the powers that be had taboed the side door practice. So it was only when the coast was clear that Mulligan deigned to enter.

"Add to think," he complained bitterly, "that a year ago I'd stand out in the street and drink a painful. Ah, g'wan, you dirty Eytalian! Git out o' there!" Argularious picked up his muddled fruit and once more went his way.

Next day he brought with him three bright eyed, curly headed boys from his tenement house. Each of them had a banana in his hand. Mulligan loomed up around the corner and made for an interesting side door. As he entered it four pairs of eyes were fixed upon him.

"These men," explained Argularious to his crew, "you watch these men. See, it is Hennessy, No. 44," he continued, indicating the name and number of the saloon. Mulligan was inside for fifteen minutes. He came out wiping his mouth upon the back of his hand. Argularious drew away and kept on the move, continually following Mulligan at a respectful distance. The boys continued to eat bananas. Four times they saw the officer enter a saloon, and the smallest lad, who could tell time, calculated that Mulligan had spent over an hour in half a day at the pleasant occupation. At about 2 o'clock Argularious placed his cart squarely in front of one of Mulligan's favorite cafes. Mulligan was inside and soon came out. He was red in the face.

"Get out o' here!" he exclaimed, swinging Argularious with a vicious jolt against the cart. The boys looked on.

"What for you do this, No. 337," inquired Argularious, squinting in a knowing way at the officer's helmet. "Aw, say now," demanded Mulligan, "you fellows is stowin' away the stuff. Say, gimme a quarter a week, an' I'll let you alone."

Argularious shook his head. "From me," he replied, "nothing. I demand my rights."

Mulligan grew redder in the face and charged on the Greek. "Yain't got no rights, you Chinaman!" Argularious smiled. "You have no rights to be so much in these places. Behind him, their faces on a broad grin, stood the three urchins.

"We saw you four times," they said to Mulligan. "We're goin' up to head-quarters with the Greek. He's goin' to give you dead away."

Mulligan turned pale. "What?" he demanded, of Argularious. The latter nodded and started off. He had but ten feet to go to reach the end of Mulligan's beat. A quarter of a mile away loomed up headquarters, stern and forbidding.

"Say, hold on there," continued Mulligan in a beseeching voice. "What're you goin' to do?"

"I tell these judge," responded Argularious, "that four, five time a day you go in these saloon. These boy tell that to the judge."

Mulligan's face broke into a smile. "Say, Mr.—Mr.—what's yer name? Come back here for a minute. I want to introduce you to a friend o' mine." Argularious looked for an instant at the officer, then, leaving his cart in charge of two of the boys, took the third with him. Mulligan led the way up a pair of dirty stairs to a lawyer's office. Mulligan and the lawyer talked in whispers for a moment. The lawyer addressed Argularious sharply. "Here," he said, "you mustn't interfere with this officer's. What d'ye mean by it?"

Argularious bowed and showed every tooth in his head. "Exactly," he replied, waving his cap in the air. "These man go in saloon six, seven, eight times a day, judge, your honor; eight times, these man, No. 337. I see him; he see him; they see him."

The lawyer plucked Mulligan by the sleeve. "Say, Mulligan," he whispered, "that fellow means business—he's sharper than you think for. You better shut his mouth—pay him something. You can't afford to be broke."

Mulligan pulled out a roll of bills and showed them into the hand of Argularious. "Here, Mr. What's Your Name," he said, "take this and keep your mouth shut about the side door biz. Understand?"

Argularious bowed low and thrust the money into his pocket. "And now," he announced, "I go to other judge and tell him. Maybe I get more money. Eight times I see these man!"

Mulligan started in to speak. Argularious stopped him. "Maybe," he said, "I do not go. How long," he asked of Mulligan, "have we been here?" Mulligan looked at the clock and answered mechanically, "About three minutes, I suppose."

"Three minutes," returned Argularious, with a significant gesture toward his cart which they could see from the window, "and how long is these three minutes—on these streets?"

Mulligan smiled. He understood. He saw the policeman on the next block driving the unfavored push cart men before him.

"About three hours and a half—to you," he replied.

Argularious waved his hand and turned to the boy. "I give you and these other boy some of these," he said, significantly tapping his pocket. "I never see these man, 337, go into these saloon, did you?"

"You bet your sweet life I didn't," answered the boy.

The Price of Two Portraits. Professor Lenbach of Munich painted Bismarck's portrait and soon afterward was informed that Baron Bleichroeder would like to buy it and wanted to know the price. Lenbach sent back word that the price was 25,000 marks, and at that price Bleichroeder declined to become the purchaser. Some time afterward Bleichroeder invited the painter to call on him, and on his arrival he asked him if he would be willing to paint his portrait. Lenbach replied that he would be willing to do the work and that the price of the portrait would be 25,000 marks. "You are asking only 25,000 marks for a portrait of Bismarck," said Bleichroeder indignantly, "and certainly my portrait ought to be much cheaper."

"You are right in one respect," replied Lenbach. "Bismarck and you are certainly not to be spoken of in the same breath. Still, the price for the two portraits is the same, for you must remember that it gave me very great pleasure to paint the portrait of Prince Bismarck, whereas I cannot honestly say that it would give me the least pleasure to paint your portrait." Bleichroeder's portrait was never painted by Lenbach.

Changed His Tune. A mother and baby entered a closed Broadway car at Fourteenth street and straightaway the little one began to cry.

The men in the car—and nearly all the passengers were men—pulled their papers up closer to their faces and tried to shut out the noise.

The baby cried the more. As the car pulled up with a jerk to avoid running into a blockaded truck at the Grace church corner the chimes began to ring. The first few notes gave no clue to the selection.

Suddenly the baby ceased crying and crowded.

Then it came to the passengers that the chimes were ringing out the wedding march from "Lohengrin."

The baby crowed again. One by one the papers dropped, disclosing smiling faces. The motorman had a grin, the conductor chuckled and the baby kept on crowing.

The bridal procession crept out of the church. The blockade straightened itself out. With a clank of bell the car started on toward the Battery. The chimes died away.—New York Tribune.

More Than He Asked. Some Philadelphians visited Richmond, Va., and, asking as to the use of this and that large building, were told in every case that it was a tobacco factory. An aged negro gave them the information, and they, tiring of the monotony of the reply, pointed to a white frame building on a hill and asked whose tobacco factory that was, according to the Detroit News-Tribune.

The old fellow replied: "Dat am S'n John's Piscopal church, where Marse Patrick Henry done get up an' ax de Lawd to gib him liberty or gib him deaf."

"Well, uncle," asked one of the trio, "which did the Lawd give him?"

"Pears to me yo' must be strangers hereabouts," he answered, "else yo'd all know dat, in due time, de Lawd gabe Marse Henry bofe."

REPUBLICAN COUNTY COMMITTEE OF ESSEX COUNTY.

Republican Primaries and Conventions.

The Republican Voters of the Several Election Districts of the County of Essex are hereby Called to Meet in Primaries on

TUESDAY, THE EIGHTH DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1903, From 1 to 9 P. M.

In places herein below designated, and then and there to elect: First—Delegates to the Republican County Convention, to be held at Krueger Auditorium, Belmont Avenue, in the City of Newark, on Wednesday, the 9th day of September, 1903, at 8 o'clock P. M., to nominate eleven candidates for members of the General Assembly.

Second—Delegates to the Republican City Convention of the City of Newark, to be held at Republican headquarters, corner of Halsey and Academy Streets, in the City of Newark, Thursday, the 10th day of September, 1903, at 8 P. M., to nominate two candidates for members of the Board of Street and Water Commissioners and a candidate for Trustee of the Newark City Home.

Third—To elect from each election district one member, and in townships having only one election district, two members of the Republican County Committee to serve for two years. The number of delegates to which each district is entitled are as herein set forth.

Primary Places.
BLOOMFIELD.
First Ward, First District, Barber Shop, 31 Broad Street.
Second Ward, Second District, 149 Montgomery Street.
Third Ward, Third District, 287 Glenwood Avenue.
Fourth Ward, Fourth District, 36 Willow Street.
Total.....12

GLEN RIDGE BOROUGH.
First District, Fire House, Herman Street.
Total.....3

BELLEVILLE.
First District, Valley Hose House, John Street.
Second District, Eastwood Hose House, William Street.
Third District, Mrs. Osborne's Store, Montgomery Street.
Total.....6

NUTLEY.
First Ward, Park School Hall, Chestnut Street.
Second Ward, Fortmilly, Franklin Avenue.
Third Ward, Strait's Store, corner Passaic Avenue and Chestnut Street.
Total.....4

CARL LENTZ, Chairman Republican Co. Committee of Essex County, N. J.

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A BERTH JACK SHIRKS.

Nova Scotia Ships Are Said to Be the Worst Afloat.

The worst case in the way of a ship into which Jack can go is a Nova Scotian. A certain Nova Scotia ship came into port at Santos one day with a crew that was little short of mutinous owing to the fact that the captain was too sparing of the rations. The ship had a bad name among sailors at the best, and as soon as she was anchored the entire crew cleared out. For three weeks after she had discharged and got her new cargo she lay there with no crew to take her to sea. At last the captain went to some of the crimps on shore and told them to round up a crew under any pretext. The crimps sent men around the docks offering big wages to any of the loungers who would go aboard the vessel to rig some new sails. Some twenty men were quickly picked up, many of them in their shirt sleeves, and were taken aboard. They were then covered with revolvers and rifles by the officers, and the anchor was weighed, and the Nova Scotia ship stood out to sea, her unwilling crew leaving families behind without even a chance to let them know what had happened. The next port was Sydney, and the next Yokohama, then San Francisco, then Valparaiso, then Lisbon, and for those men who stayed with the ship it was just two and a half years until she went to Grande du Sul, the nearest port home. Many of them, however, had cleared out and gone home in other ships long before that—Boughton Brandenburg in Leslie's Monthly.

Cicero and His Daughter. History abounds with examples of the love that has existed between father and daughter which proved superior to the changes of time and fortune, defying even death itself, and entering into the records of humanity, imperishable and immortal.

One of the most beautiful instances was the love of Cicero for Tullia. She was a woman of high attainments and exalted character, with qualities of heart and mind that peculiarly fitted her to be her father's intimate companion.

After her death he could find neither consolation for her loss nor distraction for his grief. Affairs of state, weighty matters of political and personal interest, even the sympathy of Brutus and Caesar, could not dispel the melancholy that settled down upon his soul and forced him for a time into retirement. He wrote of her in these touching words: "A daughter I had in whose sweet conversation I could drop all my cares and troubles. But now everything is changed." "It is all over with me, Atticus. I feel it more than ever now that I have lost the only being who still bound me to life."

An Exclusive Elevator. There is perhaps no elevator in the world more exclusive than that provided at the capitol for the supreme court of the United States. That elevator can be used by exactly eleven people, and no one else would for a moment consider entering it except as the guest of one of these eleven privileged gentlemen. The fortunate eleven are the nine justices of the United States supreme court, the clerk and the marshal of the court. The elevator goes from the ground floor of the capitol to the main floor, on which is located the supreme court of the United States. It is a small elevator, so that, with its conductor, three parties forms of justices of the supreme court of the United States would fill it. It is one of the very latest designs of electric elevators and is finished in magnificent style.—Washington Star.

Superstitions. If two persons raise their glasses to their lips simultaneously they are indicating the return of a friend or relative from foreign parts. The same intimation is conveyed by bubbles in coffee or by the accidental fall of a piece of soap on the floor.

A flickering flame in the fire or an upright exorcism in a burning candle is interpreted as predicting the arrival of a guest, whose stature is judged by the length of the flame or exorcism.

If one drains a glass of the contents of which some one else has partaken he will learn the secrets of the latter.

Mighty Cheerful. Mamma had told her little daughter that she could not go out to play, but the little maiden determined to make one more plea. "Please, mamma, it isn't very wet."

"No, you cannot, Dorothy," said mamma pleasantly, smiling a little at her daughter's persistency.

Dorothy regarded her mother aggrievedly and then said, "Well, seems to me you're mighty cheerful about it."—New York Times.

Bureau of Publicity. Mrs. Naguss—What an odd, interesting piece of furniture! It looks like an antique. Is it a chiffonier or a bookcase?

Mrs. Borus (wife of struggling author)—Neither. It's my husband's writing desk. He calls it his bureau of publicity.—Chicago Tribune.

His Part. The Doctor—You regard society as merely a machine, do you? What part of the machinery do you consider me, for instance?

The Professor—You are one of the cranks.—Exchange.

Returned His Love. Friend—What's the matter, old man? Doesn't she return your love?

Jilted One—That's just the trouble. She returned it and told me to give it to some other girl.—Princeton Tiger.

One man makes a fortune to eight that become bankrupt in England.

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